

song are ringing in my ears. It is your voice that sings it.

'The heart that's given to God above,
Has nae room for twa'.

You must forget me, Mary. If I were to neglect the call which has been given me, it would mean endless misery for both of us. May your strength of mind and sense of duty support you in the sorrow of which I have been the cause. And that Heaven may bless and protect you shall ever be my prayer."

V.

The good Sulpician fathers often wondered what could be the cause of the great sadness visible on the features of the most promising student who had ever entered St. John's Seminary. But if those who knew Frank Byrne at Oshawa, could have seen him now, they would have been startled at the change. Not only had his secret sorrow left its lines upon his face, it was still more deeply imprinted on his heart, and he whose spirits had been so elastic and so buoyant was now rarely seen to smile. Dr. Maione, to whom he confided his trouble, sent him a letter of wise, fatherly counsel, but even this could not heal the wound.

Mrs. Miller had been shocked at the almost disastrous termination of her match making schemes, but with womanish perversity blamed only Frank for what was, in a great measure, her own fault. She was becoming exceedingly anxious about her daughter's health, when one morning at breakfast, Mary said wearily—she was always weary now—"Mother, I must do something. I shall die if I remain idle any longer. Father Fraser needs a teacher for St. Columba's School. Will you let me offer myself to him?"

"But, my dear, you are not strong, and the children are so trying; it will make you ill."

"But inactivity will kill me, and I am sure I shall feel better when I have something to occupy my mind."

"Very well, child," said her mother with a sigh, "do as you wish."

Mary had judged correctly, and from the day she began her duties in the

primary class, there was a visible improvement in her. And this was only preparatory to another great change.

Meanwhile, Frank Byrne was pursuing his studies. Severe application was the only means by which he could free his mind from painful thoughts. As in his college career, brilliant success was attending his efforts, but success no longer gave him pleasure. To professors and fellow students this young man with the sad face and gravity so much beyond his years was a mystery.

At the end of four years he had taken his Doctor's degree, and was appointed at first to a post at the Cathedral, where he soon became a great favorite with his bishop. In a short time his marked abilities and serious temper caused his removal to the important parish of Granton.

Dr. Byrne soon won golden opinions from his flock, but even they thought it remarkable that so young a man should be such an ascetic. Fairs and picnics, tobogganning and skating parties, in short any amusement in which youth of both sexes mingled, were regarded by him with a disapproval even more severe than that given by other pastors. In his sermons he dwelt with great impressiveness on the subject of vocations, and many were the earnest admonitions given in the confessional to those who were of an age to decide that momentous question.

Mary Miller in her convent—she was now Sister Agatha—often heard of the young priest whose smile seen but rarely was so sorrowful. And now that her own heart was at rest, she wished she could do something to remove the burden of self-reproach which still weighed upon that noble soul.

He had never seen her face since the memorable evening when the shadow had fallen across his life. He merely knew that she had sought the convent walls, within which devotion and care for others' welfare might produce forgetfulness of self.

As he sat by the side of his Lordship, Bishop Dalton, at the closing exercises of Claveris Convent Academy, he was a distinguished figure, this young priest whose fame for learning and piety was already so widespread. His dark hair was already thickly sprinkled with gray, and